1.1.147
a Lesson in the University of The New Covenant
Theodore Cottingham, November 28, 2003
www.unc.bz

1. Trojan horse, Trojan horse, Trojan horse. The Trojan horse is never seen as a Trojan horse—it's seen as something pretty, that you want, that is off limits—there is always forbidden fruit—it looks one way—but is another.

2. Trojan horse, Trojan horse, Trojan horse—the favorite weapon of My adversary—him who wants to destroy you, destroy you, utterly and absolutely destroy you, eternally destroy you, for eternity. He wants to meet your needs in ways that seem good, feel good, and often—honors you—legitimately, it seems—but, prematurely.

3. The Trojan horse is that which seems right, but the consequences are unknown, unknown until they are revealed, and revealed they always will be.

4. Trojan horse, Trojan horse—a favorite megatron to drill into the heart of My lowly, and My highest—My deepest in Me—to be destroyed by age old tricks and strategies of who can create not. Trojan horses come in all colors, all attributes of everything, seemingly.

5. Leaders are most often slain with Trojan horses, especially My leaders—My leaders who had walls all around them to protect them—their heart—for Me—but slipped and fell prey to the Trojan horse—of one, so often—held dear.

6. The horse didn't destroy the city—it was just the vehicle that contained, carried, destruction into the center of the heart, into a trusted place, which it could have never entered if it had looked like a Trojan horse.